CHAPTER VII.

The peaceful village was transformed, as vere in the twinkling of an eye, into a scene of tumult. An invisible thundercloud seemed hovering in the clear sky. The frightened little children and the timid women, running about the streets, reminded Curtis of the sudden motherward flurry of chickens at the shadow of the swooping hawk. He was left alone in the deserted inn. He dragged a bench a the open door and sat down. Those rapid preparations for defence were going on which suggest themselves instinctively to people bred and reared in a land of strife. Despite the sinking of the Holy Mary and her preclous cargo, guns and ammunition existed.
A group of sturdy mountaineers soon collected on the square, wearing well-filled cartridge belts and carrying gras rifles. The throng grew, and every new arrival was greeted affectionately by his first name. "Bravo, Kur' Yanne," or "Bravo, Kur' George," The Demarch formed the nucleus of the group, the red parks under his eyes blushing like new-

A rapid jingling of bells, as of animals running, was heard and a sentinel goat appeared on the edge of a distant rock. He cast an agitated glance back over his wethers, and elid down, his four hoofs together, his back ned into a semicircle, his bucolic beard thrust outward. Others appeared and slid over as though borne on the crest of a tor-Then two tall shepherds were sketched an instant on a background of mountains and sky, swinging their crooked staves. But they, too, were caught by the imaginary torrent and swept into the town. Boys were despatched into the surrounding hills, and within an hour the streets were filled with bleating flocks. The group of armed men grew to fifty. Lindbohm and Michali had h been provided with guns. The Swede had been induced to discard the straw hat as too conspicuous a mark, and to bind a handkerchief about his head. Curtis felt himself one of them, and yet knew that he was not.

"If I had a gun, I might get up there among the rocks and do something," he muttere I can shoot just as well if I am lame, if I could only get into position. Pshaw! What's the matter with me? This isn't my fight. I'm non-combatant, I am

The priest came down, leading Panayota by the hand and carrying a cross. The girl was white, even to the lips, but there was a proud smile on her face and her eyes were shining. She wore a short Cretan knife in her belt. Papas Malecko held aloft the cross and solemnly pleased the waiting warriors, after which he presented the sacred symbol to the lips of each n turn. Lindbohm strode over to Panayota and, pulling the handkerchief from his head bowed low, with his hand upon his heart. before they get you," he said, "they mus

fust take us all. Curtis shouted "That's right!" and was not aware of the fact until the little army turned and looked at him inquiringly. "I'll make a fool of myself here yet," he said,

sinking back on to the bench. Michali translated Lindbehm's speech and great shout of "Bravo! bravo!" went up. Lindbohm was in his element.

There was," he understood, "no other way for the enemy to get in from the land side except through the pass. They might approach with difficulty from the seashore, but there was only one place where they could land. Men were watching that, and a smoke by day or a fire by night would warn the villagers. Very good. Fifty men might defend this pass against 250, but they must lose no men and must make every shot count. How much ammint had they?"

sibly as much again, curses on the English!"
"Very well. We must use it the more carefully. We must not get excited. Kostakes
Elfendi cannot possibly reach the ravine be-

guide?" No." replied the demarch. "Impossible." Panayota spoke. She said only two words, and she said them quietly, though distinctly, but they fell like a thunderclap:

but they fell like a thunderciap;
Peter Ampates!
This was the cowardly shepherd whom Lindbohm had driven from the town.
"Is there any way to build fires so as to light up narrow places in the ravine?"
There were two or three such places where bonfires could be located that would make the pass as light as day. People standing behind the rocks in positions of comparative safety could feed the flames by tossing wood into them.

"Send out the boys and girls then to pre-pare these fires and to pile up brushwood enough behind the rocks to keep them burning all night," commanded the Swede, "Build one fire at the mouth of the pass—" but here he was interrupted by a chorus of protest, "Let the Turks get into the pass and then we will kill them," cried his listeners. them, cried his listeners.
"Very well, but see that they don't get

"Very well, but see that through." The Sphakiotes often got the Turks into nar-row deflies and rolled stones down upon their heads. There were half a dozen precipitous places in the gorge where this could be effectplaces in the gorge where this could be effect-ively done.
"Capital idea," assented Lindbohm. "Let

"Capital idea," assented Lindbohm. "Let some more women go to those places and pile ito heaps of the biggest stones they can carry." Lindbohm suggested that the men, who now numbered sixty, should take their places near the mouth of the defile. In a few brief words he also laid the foundation of an effective commissariat. The Mayor's brother, too old a man to fight, was instructed to superintend the sending of food twice a day in case the siege should be protracted, and, above all, water, which could not be found up among the rocks. Women and boys were to act as carriers.

A messenger was sent to Korakes, an insurgent chief, who with 300 men had established his headquarters near the village of Alikiano. "We might be able to hold out for a week," said Lindbohm to Curtis, "and Korakes will surely come to our aid. At any rate we must just take our chances."

CHAPTER VIII. Curtis was left alone in the priest's house, and Malesko had gone up to the ravine.

If one of my boys were wounded, he said, and I were not there to comfort him, God light forgive me, but I should never forgive west.

The day passed very peacefully. Curtis sat in the door of the parsonage, with his bandaged foot upon a stool. The children, usually in acisy in the streets, were quiet, and the gossibs were children. olsy in the streets, were quiet, and the lips were either gone or were talking in pers. A woman sat in a doorway ope holding her baby, that squealed and ted with delight at the familiarity of a kid. The mother smiled sadly and then sed the child to her bosom, smothering with affection. The sudden purple twifor the orient fell, and a light breeze flew for the orient fell, and a light breeze flew from the east beating the blossoms from cherry and pear trees and scattering their t delicious perfume. The purple changed block and the nightingales began to sing, flocks had gone to sleep. The antiphose bleating and the jungle of the bells were llowed up in the darkness that was silent in the darkness that was now and then a little lamb cried is mother across the meadows of or a bell tinkled musically. There

amiand or a bell tinkled musically. There is a purring of many waters. By dove, war's a queer thing, "mused Curtis, is hate and lust and biogtry. It's a big dish lie, and all the time a thousand voices preaching truth and love. Here am I, ing among the nightingales, the cherry seams and the dreaming sheep, and a mile of the early of the search other is throats. And I suppose he with em if it wasn't for this blamed foot, and the men of the vicinity are trying or each other is throats. And I suppose he with em if it wasn't for this blamed foot, and the with early believed the wind the propose of the search of the search of the search of the suppose he with early believed they would have given the such that they wouldn't have got her the localid hold a gun! Why, she's a natural wind what beautiful eves she has! What is anouth what heautiful eves she has! What is about your ancient epics and your ancient of the search of the searc What beautiful eyes she has! What what a carriage, and spirit, too! It your ancient epics and your ancient. Why, here's the Trojan war right it, or the spirit of it. We aren't shy and women these days; we're shy on And that girl, that Panayota, she's snow. She'd kuife herself in a minute e'd allow herself to fall into the bands By Jove! Whatever else the hope they'll pink that Kostakes. depe they'll pink that Kostakes danned scoundrel! I'd like to left I wonder if the boys can

the Turks would attack that night and if he could hear the shots if they did.

He went to the door and called to an old man who was talking in a low tone, but excitedly, to the woman across the way. The babe had been put to bed. They both came running, and he asked them, framing his sentence with much care:

"Has the fighting begun? Can the guns be heard from here?"

They replied in concert, volubly and at great length. Then they held a consultation with each other and withdrew.

"That's the trouble with a foreign tongue," mused Curtis. "You can talk to them all right, but they talk so fast that you can't understand what they say to you. Now, I said it perfectly right," and he repeated the sentence again.

After about helf, an hour the old man re-

but they talk so fast that you can't understand what they say to you. Now, I said it perfectly right," and he repeated the sentence again.

After about half an hour the old man returned, bringing some bread, cheese, halva and a glass of dark wine. Curtis repeated the Greek word for "thank you" half a dozen times, and then fell upon the food voraciously. "The more I see of these people the better I like them," he muttigred, "Now, I call that thoughtful of the old man."

After he had finished eating he tried his foot, bearing his weight on it until he could endure the pain no longer.

"I believe it's better," he soliloquized, and then cried inconsequently:

"By Jove! I wonder if that old blockhead thought I was asking for something to eat? I said those sentences perfectly right. Panayota would have understood me in a minute. Why, she and I get along all right together in Greek. But, then, I musn't judge the rest of these people by her. She's as bright as a steel trap, that girl is!"

He wound up his watch at 10 o'clock and lay down upon the divan.

"There's going to be no fight to-night," he muttered. "And at any rate it wouldn't be my fight if there was."

He fell asleep and dreamed of Panayota, sigantic in size, standing on a cliff by a wan, heaving sea. She was hurling jugged pieces of rock down at a line of ant-like Turks crawling far below. The wind was blowing her hair straight out from her forehead and he could only see her mouth and chin, but he knew it was Panayota. He ran to help her, when the Demarch seized him to hold him back. He awoke and found that an old man was shaking his arm and crying excitedly, "Fire! Fire!"

Curtis's first thought was that the house was burning. He put his hand on the old man's shoulder and jumped over to the door. Half a dozen people were standing in the moonlight pointing toward the hills. Two women, one near to motherhood and the other holding a very young baby in her arms, were crossing themselves hysterically and calling on the name of the Virgin. An old man of %, whom

CHAPTER IX. That was one of Lindbohm's bonfires, sure rough. Perhaps a battle was going on at that

enough. Perhaps a battle was going on at the moment. "Mother of God, save my man!" cried the "Mother of God, save my man!" cried the

"Mother of God, save my man!" cried the woman with the baby, "Save him, save him!"
"Mother of God, save my boy, my cypress tree, my Petro!" groaned the old man.
"Curse the Turks! May their fathers roast in hell!" shrieked the Iad. "Give me a gun; I'm old enough to shoot."
For three hours they stood watching the fire, as though they could actually see what was going on there. At times they stood silent for many minutes together, listening, listening for the sound of guns; but they could hear nothing. At last a shout was heard in the distance:

"What is it?" What is it?" the watchers asked, hearsely, looking at each other with pale faces. Again "Oo-hoo! Oo-hoo!" nearer.

At last footsteps were heard, as of one running and stumbling among loose rocks, and at length little Spiro Kaphtakes staggered up to the group and stood panting before them. His trousers were torn, and blood was flowing from his legs. The women and the old man stared at him open-mouthed for a long minute, and then, pouncing upon him, began to shake him.

ute, and then, pouncing upon him, began to shake him.

"What is it? What news?"

"Is my Petro safe?"

"How goes it with my Yanne?"

Others ran up out of dark alleys and from the doorways of distant houses, and soon twenty or more surrounded the poor boy, gesticulating, screaming. They could not wait for him to get his breath. "His tongue lolled out like that of a Chinese idol, and he swallowed the air instead of breathing, rolling his eyes about helplessly the while. At length, with a supreme effort, he gasped:

"Yanne!"

child.

"Come!" said the mother, and she ran lightly up the ravine, followed by the boy. The baby bleated, "Mamma! Mamma!" like a frightened lamb, but the woman did not look back, Hopping two or three steps from the doorway. Curtis seized a woman by the arm.

"Killed?" he asked in Greek.

Eh?" "Killed?" "Killed?"
Unfortunately, everybody understood, and all commenced talking at once.
"I don't understand," shouted Curtis. "Silence! Killed? Killed?"
"Silence!" cried the old man with the musket, raising his right hand in a commanding gesture above the heads of the too willing talkers. "No." he replied to Curtis, slowly and distinctly, "not killed. Badly wounded."
"Thanks," replied the American. "Thanks, thanks, I understand."
Just before sunrise Michali, with his leg broken, was brought in on a donkey.

broken, was brought in on a donkey.

CHAPTER X.

They laid the wounded Cretan on the lounge in the parsonage. He was pale as death from loss of blood, and kept snapping at his under lip with his teeth, but he did not groan.

"We are a pair of storks now," he said, smiling at Curtis, and then he fainted away. Curtis cut the trouser from the wounded leg. A ball had struck the shie, low down.

"It's not badly splintered, old man," said the American, as Michali opened his eyes again.
"I don't know anything about surgery, but I should think the proper thing would be to wash it, support it with some splints and bind it up tight. Shall I try it?"

"What you need?" asked Michali.
"Some warm water, two or three straight sticks and a piece of cloth that I can tear up into strips."

The wounded man called for the necessary.

ticks and a pige of cold for the necessary into strips."

The wounded man called for the necessary articles and they were soon brought. Curtis washed the blood away carefully.

The end of a piece of bone pushed against the skin from beneath and made a sharp pro-

the skin from beneath and made a sharp protuberance.

"I'm awfully sorry old man, but I've got to hurt you—like the devil, I'm afraid."

"All right, my friend," replied Michali, "only do not be long.

"No, only a minute. Here, lie on your back. That's right. Now take hold of the sides of the lounge and hang on tight. That'll help you. I know it from having teeth filled. Now, tell this old man to take hold of your ankle so, with both hands and pull slowly, carefully, till I say 'stop,' and not to commence pulling till I say 'now. You'd better explain —your Greek is some better than mine."

Michali explained.

"Does he understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Perfectly."

"Does he understand?"

"Perfectly."
Curtis put his hand about the broken skin in such a way that he could push the fragment of bone into place.

"This can't be wrong," he reflected. "At any rate, there's nothing else to do.

Looking at the old man he nodded.

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" gurgled Michali, as though the words were being pulled from his throat with a hook. There was so much agony in them, they meant so much more than the screams of a weaker person would have meant, that the amateur surgeon felt sick at his stornach and it cost him a tremendous effort to see through a sort of blindness that settled like a cloud before his eyes. But the two ends of the bone came together and he resolutely pushed the splinter into place.

Still holding the leg tightly he looked at Michali. Great drops of sweat were standing on the Cretan's face and his underlip was bleeding, but he smiled bravely.

"All over," said Curtis. "Now for the sticks and the strips.

"All over," said Curtis. "Now for the sticks and the strips.

Fortunately for the success of the operation the boy who had led the mule was outside, giving an account of the progress of the battle. He proved a greater attraction even than the broken leg. Curtis finding himself alone with his patient shut and locked the door, "Does it but you "y much, old man?" he asked. "I suppose the proper thing now would be to give you something to put you to sleen, Don't you think you could sleep a little while anyway?"

"No. no, I cannot sleep. It burts me seme, but not much—not too rauch."

"No. no. I cannot sleep. It hurts me some, but not much—not too much."
Curtis sat quietly for some time in the semi-darkness of the room, listening to the chatter of the boy outside, punctuated by the excited exclamations of the listeners. He glanced at the drawn face of Michali, which had a ghastly hue in the wan light. The wounded man's eyes were open, but he made no sound.

"He's a plucky beggar," thought Curtis. "I wonder if it would do him any harm to talk? I say, Michali," he asked aloud, "how is it going? What are they doing up there?

"They tried to come through about 11 o'clock but how can I tall you, since you do not the rayine know? It begins wide on the other side—a deep, steep yalley, with many pine trees, and

a deep, steep valley, with many pine trees, and paths along the sides. Near the top of the mountain the ravine becomes narrow, between walls of rock, what you call it?—perpendicular.

If the Turk ever gets over the summit we are lost. Very well—that devil Ampates! Lindbohm should have killed him!"

"Why, what did he do?"

"Without him the Turk never could have found the best path. Well. we have men on all the paths with dogs—good dogs, hear half a mile, bark—O, like the devil! We stay high up, most of us, where ravine is narrow, so not to scatter out too much. We hide behind the rocks on both sides the ravine, on the other side the mountain. We listen and listen, O, how we listen. Nothing. The wind in the pine trees. For hours we listen, My ears get very wide awake. I think I hear the wind among the stars. Then, all at once, we sit up very straight, holding our guns ready. Bool bool wool it is old Spiro's dog down below. We sit very still. Perhaps the dog make a mistake, Perhaps he bark at the moon But no. Bang! goes old Spiro's gun. Then we know. That was the signal—ah, Mother of God!"

No Greek can talk without violent gesticulations, that frequently bring all the muscles of his body into play. Michali forgot the leg in his excitement, and gave a little jump that wrenched it slightly.

"Never mind, old man. Don't talk any more—you d better lie quiet," said Curtis. "You drove 'em back, did you?"

"Twenty men went down to the mouth of the

wrenched it slightly.

"Never mind, old man. Don't talk any more—you debetter lie quiet," said Curtis. "You drove 'em back, did you?"

"Twenty men went down to the mouth of the pass. We stayed back the narrow part to guard, high up, behind the rocks. Pretty soon they commence shooting and yelling. It was moonlight there, you see, but dark like—like—"

"Like a pocket," suggested Curtis.

"Like a pocket in the ravine, where we were. They keep shooting—biff, bang, biff, bang—then all at once—"r-r-r-r-", more than a hundred guns at once. "That's the Turks," said Lindbohm. 'By damn! they must not get through. Michali, twenty men must come down with me, twenty stay here. I pick out twenty, and down we go, and hide. Then the women light the fire, whoof: the light jumps up and slashes open the ravine. There they come, there come the Turks, running, running. The boys keep shooting from above, 'Ping' ping' but they not hit much, straight down so. One, two, three drop, but the rest keep coming. We lay our rifles across the rocks and take aim. Lindbohm, he keep saying, very low. 'Not yet, not yet, steady boys, steady—"

"Steady, boys, steady—"

"Hurnelt, ended Michali, "we killed thirty, liverable one force of rock, oh, most as big as this house, and it kill two Turks. Then the Turks turn and run—"

"Hurrelt," sobbed Curtis, "We killed thirty, and run—"

"Hurrelt," sobbed Curtis, "We killed thirty, and run—"

"Hurrelt," ended Michali, "We killed thirty, and run—"

"Hurrelt," sobbed Curtis, "We killed thirty, and run—"

"Hurrelt," sobbed Curtis, "We killed thirty, and run—"

"Hurrelt," sobbed Curtis, "We killed thirty, and run—"

Turks turn and run-

"Hurrah!" sobbed Curtis.
"Hurrah!" echoed Michali. "We killed thirtyfour damned Turks!" four damned Turks!"
"How many men did you lose?" asked Curtis,
"One, shoot through the head. He high up
and fall down into the ravine. Turks laugh
very loud. Another here, through the stomach,
He die pretty soon he with us. His name
Yanne. And me, I get this little wound in the
leg. How they hit my leg. I don't know."
As they were talking the church bell began
to ring. o ring.

CHAPTER XI. "Hello! What's that for?" asked Curtis. Michali shrugged his shoulders. Who

"Hello! What's that for?" asked Curtis.
Michali shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows" he replied.
Curtis hopped to the door, unlocked it and looked out. The church stood across the road on the top of a big. flat rock. Though small, it bensted a Byzantine dome. The bell hung in a frame erected over the porch, and the rope was tied about a wooden pillar, to prevent it being blown out of reach by the wind.

"Why, it's Papas Malecko himself," cried the American.

The priest gave the rope two or three more decisive jerks, and then, leaving the end dangling, started for the house. His stately black robe was rent down the front, and the wind blew the pieces out behind, exposing his voluminous Cretan breeches and his yellow boots. His long hair had writhed loose from its fastenings and had fallen down his back. It was beautiful, and reminded Curtis of Panayota. His tail hat was battered at the side, so that the roof looked as though it were slipping off. He spoke a few words to Michali, and then, opening the trunk studded with brass nalls, took out and donned his sacerdotal vestments, a sleeveless closk with a cross in the middle of the back and a righty embroidered stole. Running his fingers through his long glossy hair and shaking it out as a lion shakes his mane, he strode back to the little church, into which the people were already excitedly pour-

"It looks bad," said Michali; "he is about to ask for God's help."
"I'm going across," said Curtis.
"Can you walk so far?" asked Michali.
"Oh, yes; with this crutch I can get over there

apon her face and rubbed her hands, the boy talked rapidly, shrilly, flinging his arms about with loose-elbowed gestures. The woman opened her eyes and two of the men helped her to her feet. She tottered for a noment, dishevelling her hair with despairing hands and whispering hoarsely.

"Yanne! Yanne! What shall I do? O God! O God!"
But suddenly the brave woman soul asserted itself and her frail body straightened, tense, defant, ready for any effort. Clasping the babe to her breast she kissed it tenderly many times. Holding it for a moment at arm's length, she looked at it hungrily, and then turned her eyes away. A neighbor took the aby blear wine, followed. a tall stand near the door. Numerous eikons in gilded frames hung about the wall, and a silent throng of forgotten saints, painted on the done above, peered dimly down upon the worshippers. The windows were narrow, but enough sunlight straggled in to give a ghostly look to the candles, lighted here and there. Papas Malecko's voice was musical and tender. He commenced chanting in a low, pleading tone, but as the glorious words of the litany gradually took possession of his soul the melodious, full-voweled Greek syllables rolled more and more confidently from his tongue. The poor frightened mothers and children of his flock raised their faces and sniffed the wholesome incense that now pervaded the huilding. The spirit of the scene carried Curtis away. He was awed and mysteriously refreshed, as one who, in a noisome cayern, feels the cool, sweet air blowing upon him from the darkness. He found himself heating the arm of his seat and chanting inaudibly, again and again the sublime words. "Eln feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"Ah, yes, God will protect us! He is our ever present help in time of trouble."

And, now, Papas Malecko is blessing his flock, one by one. Down the aisle he passes, holding a little cross to the eager lips, speaking words of comfort.

"Courage, courage, ny children," he says; "when God is with us who can be against us? Christ is fighting for us and the Holy Virgin and all the saints. Courage, courage."

They seize his hand and kiss it. Women sobbed in an exaltation of faith. Mothers pressed the cross to the lips and foreheads of their wondering babes.

"The Virgin is our helper," they said.
"Christ and the Virgin be with you," responded the priest.

So he stood, his left hand lifted in blessing, his right extending the cross; stately in his flowing robes, calm in the dignity of his exalted message.

"Have courage, my children," he repeated, smiling benignly. "It came to me in the noun-

message.

"Have courage, my children," he repeated, smilling benignly. "It came to me in the mountains, like a voice from God. 'Ye are Christ-

ns; why do ye not call upon the God of hosts?
"Papas Malecko!" "Papas Malecko."
In an instant the whole congregation had furned and were looking toward the door. There stood a tall shepherd with a rifle in his hand. His face was blackened with powder and he seemed covered with blood.

"What is it?" What is it?" shrieked a dozen voices.

There is a terrible fight going on. Loukas

and Spiro are killed—"
The words of the priest rang out clear and strong, like a trumpet;
"Our God is a very present help—courage, my

"Our God is a very present help "Condent,"
"My left arm is broken. The Turks got on top of the hill, where the girls were, but the girls all imaped off laughing. All killed Paraskeve, Elene, Maria—"
The speaker's voice was drowned in a pandemonium of shrieks and sobs.
But again the priest was heard, reverently, distinctly, firmly, like the voice of Christ calming the waters. They are with Christ in Paradise. Still I say

"They are with Christ in Paradise. Still I say unto you, courage. Since God is with us who shall stand against us?"
"Panayota was with them, but her dress caught in a thorn bush, and before she could tear herself loose they had her."
Every eve in the church was riveted upon the priest. The cross rattled to the floor, and his arm dropped to his side. His lips were white and there was a terrible look in the large brown eyes.

and there was a terrible look in the large brown eyes.

"Panayota! Panayota!" he called hoarsely. His voice sounded far away now. Suddenly he tore off his sacred vestments and flung them in a heap on the floor. Striding to the wounded shepherd, he snatched the gun from his hand. Looking from the window Curtis saw him running toward the hills, his long woman's hair streaming on the wind. The flock poured out after him and the American was sitting in the deserted house of God gazing at a pile of sacred robes and muttering stupidly:

"Panayota! Panayota!"

To be continued.

Two Philanthropists.

From the Detroit Journal. From the Detroit Journal.

This is the story of Cuthbert and Clifford.
Cuthbert and Clifford were originally boys, but in time they grew to manhood, and then they resolved to devote themselves to the welfare of the human race.
Cuthbert, accordingly, studied and became a sociologist, and gave advice to the poor.
Clifford, on the other hand, s'udied and became a lawyer, and sold his advice to large e roorations, and gave the proceeds to the poor.

From the Chicago Record.

"I as ked that schoolteacher if he wouldn't take my life and mould it in her wise and gentle hands."

"What did she say?"

"She said if I was proposing to her to say so and not undermine my intellect trying to talk shop."

THE PLAISHAM.

Copyright, 1900, by Seumas MacManus Nancy and Shamus were man and wife, and they lived all alone together for forty years, but at length a good-for-nothing streel of a

fellow, named Rory, who lived close by, thought

what a fine thing it would be if Shamus would

die and he could marry Nancy and get the

house, farm and all the stock. So he up and said to Nancy: "What a pity it is for such a fine-looking woman as you to be bothered with that ould complainin' good-fornothing crony of a man that's as full of pains and aches as an egg's full of meat. If you were free of him the morrow the finest and handsomest young man in the parish would be proud

to have you for a wife." At first Nancy used to laugh at this, but at last, when he kept on at it, it began to prey on Nancy's mind, and she said to young Rory one day: "I don't believe a word of what you say. Who would take me if Shamus was buried the morra?"

parish. I'd take you myself." "Is that true?" says Nancy. "I pledge you my word," says Rory, "I would." "Oh, well, even if you would itself," says Nancy, "Shamus wont be buried to-morrow or, maybe, God help me, for ten years to come yet. "You've all that in your own hands," says

"Why," says Rory, "you'd have the pick of the

"How's that?" says Naney. Why, you can kill him off," says Rory. "I wouldn't have the ould crature's blood on ny head." says Nancy.

"Neither you need," says Rory. And then he sat down and began to tell Nancy now she should do away with Shamus and still not have his blood on her head.

Now there was a Prince, called Connal, who lived in a wee sod house, close by Nancy and shamus, whose fathers before him, ere their noney was wasted, used to live in a grand castle. So next day over Nancy goes to this Prince and to him says: "Why, Prince Connal, isn't it a shame to see the likes of you livin' in the likes of that house?"

"I know it is," said he, "but I cannot do any better. "Botheration," says Nancy, "you easily can. "I wish you would tell me how," says Prince

"Why," says Nancy, "there's my Shamus has little or nothing to do, an' why don't you make him build you a castle?"

"Ah," says the Prince, laughing, Shamus couldn't build me a castle." Says Nancy: "You don't know Shamus, for there's not a thing in the wide world be couldn't do if he likes to, but he's that lazy that if you don't break every bone in his body to make him do it he wont do it."

"Is that so?" says Prince Connal "That's so," says Nancy. "So if you order shamus to build you a castle an' have it up in three weeks or that you'll take his life if he doesn't you'll soon have a grand castle to live in." says she. "Well, if that's so," says Prince Connal, "I'll

not be long wanting a castle." So the very next morning, over he steps to Shamus's, calls Shamus out, and takes him with

him to the place he had marked out for the site of his castle and shows it to Shamus, and tells him he wants him to have a grand castle built and finished on that spot in three weeks' time. "But," says Shamus, says he, "I never built a

castle in my life. I know nothing about it, an I couldn't have you a castle there in thirty-three years, let alone three weeks." "Oh!" says the Prince, says he, "I'm toul" there's no man in Ireland can build a castle better nor faster than you if you only like to, and if you haven't that castle built on that ground

in three weeks," says he, "I'll have your life. So now, choose for yourself." And he walked away and left Shamus standing there. When Shamus heard this he was a downearted man, for he knew that Prince Connal was a man of his word, and he would not stop at taking any man's life any more than he would from putting the breath out of a beetle. So down he sits and begins to cry, and while he was crying there, up to him comes a Wee Red

about? don't be asking me, for there's no use in telling ou, you could do nothing to help me."

"You don't know that," says the Wee Man, says he, "it's no harm to tell me anyhow." So Shamus to relieve his mind, ups and tells ened to do to him if he had not a grand castle

finished on that spot in three weeks. Says the little man, says be: "Go to the Fairles len at moonrise the night, and under the Rockn' stone at the head of the Glen, you'll find a white rod. Take that rod with you and mark out the plan of the castle on this ground with it: then go back and leave the rod where you got it, and by the time you get back again, your astle will be finished."

At moonrise that night Shamus, as you may be well assured, was at the Rockin' stone at the head of the Gien of the Fairies, and from under t he got a little white rod. He went to the hill where the Prince's castle was to be built, and with the point of the rod he marked out the plan of the castle, and then he went back and left the

rod where he got it.

The next morning when Prince Connal got up out of bed and went out of his little sod hut to take the air, his eyes were opened, I tell you, to see the magnificent castle that was standing finished, and with the coping stones on it on the hill above. He lost no time till he went over to thank Shamus for building him such a beauti-

"I see you did," says Prince Connal, "and it is very thankful to you I am. I'm contented now for life," says he, "and I'll never forget yourself and Shamus."

"Contented!" says she, "why that place isn't half finished yet."

"How's that," says Prince Connal.

"Why," says she, "you need a beautiful river flowing past that eastle, with lovely trees, and birds singing in the branches, and you should have the ocean roaring up beside it."

"But still," says Prince Connal, says he, "one can't have everything. This is a hundred miles from an ocean, and no trees ever grew on this hill, nor ever could grow on it, and no bird ever sang on it for the last 300 years.

"Then all the more reason," says she, "why you should have all them things."

"But I can't have them," says Prince Connal, "Can't you?" says she. "Yes, you can. If you promise to have Shamus's life unless he has you all those things by your castle in three days, you'll soon have all you want," says Nancy.

"Well, well, that's wonderful," says Prince Connal, says he, "and I'll do it."

So he sets out and goes to Shamus's house and calls Shamus out to him to teil him that his eastle was very bare looking without something about it. Says he: "Snamus, I want you to put a beautiful river flowing past it, with plenty of trees and bushess along the banks, and also singing birds singing in them; and I want you to have the ocean roaring up by it also."

"But Prince Connal," says Shamus, says he,

and also singing birds singing in them; and I want you to have the ocean roaring up by it also.

"But Prince Connal," says Shamus, says he, "you know very well that I couldn't get you them things."

"Right well I know you can," says Prince Connal, "and I'll give you three days to have all them things done; and if you haven't them done at the end of three days, then I ll have your life." And away goes Prince Connal.

Poor Shamus he sat down and began to cry at this, because he knew that he could not do one of these things. And as he was trying and crying he heard a voice in his ear, and looking up he saw the Wee Red Man.

"Shamus, Shamus," says he, "what's the matter with you?

"O," says Shamus, says he, "there's no use in telling you what's the matter with me this time. Although you helped me before, there's not a man in all the world could do what I've got to do now."

"Well," says the Wee Red Man, "anyhow, if I can't do you any good, I'll do you no harm."

So Shamus, to relieve his mind, ups and tells the Wee Red Man what's the matter with him, "Shamus," says the Wee Red Man, says he. "I'll tell you what you'll do, When the moon's rising to-night be at the head of the Glen of the Fairies, and at the spring well there you'll

find a cup and a leaf and a feather. Take the leaf and the feather with you, and a cup of water, and go back to the castle. Throw the water from you as far as you can throw it, and then blow the leaf off your right hand and the feather off your left hand, and see what you'll see."

Shamus promised to do this, and when the moon rose that night Shamus was at the spring well of the Gien of the Fairies, and he found there a cup, a leaf and a feather. He lifted a cup of water and took it with him, and the leaf and the teather and started for the castle. When he came there he pitched the cup of water from him as far as he cound put it, and at once the ocean that was a hundred miles away came roaring up beside the castle, and a beautiful river that had ocea howling a hundred miles on the other side of the castle came flowing down past it into the ocean. Then he blew the leaf off his right hand, and all sorts of lovety trees and bushes spring up along the river banks. Then he blew the feather off his left hand, and the trees and the bushes were filled with all sorts and varieties of lovely singing biros that made the most beautiful music he ever had heard.

And maybe that was not a surprise to Prince Connal when he got up in the morning and went out. Off he transped to Shamus's to thank Shamus and Naney, and when Naney heard this she was the angry woman.

That day she had another long confab with Rory, and from him she went off again to Prince connal, and asked him how he had his castle and all its surroundings.

He said he was a pleased and proud man, the lower when he had hear and her man.

and all its surroundings.

He said he was a pleased and proud man, that he was thankful to her and her man. Shamus, and that he would never forget it to them the longest day of his life. "Oh, but," says she, "you're not content.
This night you'll have a great gathering of
princes and lords and gentlemen feasting
in your eastle, and you'll surely want something to amuse them. You must get a Plaisham."

"What is a Plaisham?" said Prince Connal.
"What is a Plaisham?" said Prince Connal.
"O," says Nancy, "it's the most wonderful and most anusing thing in the world; it will keep your grests in good humor for nine days

"O," says Nancy, "it's the most wonderful and most amusing thing in the world; it will keep your grests in good humor for nine days and nine nights after they have seen it."

"Well," says Prince Connal, "that must be a fine thing entirely, and I'm sure I would be mighty anxious to have it, but," says he, "where would I get it or how would I get it?"

"Well," says Nancy, "that's easy. If you order Shamus to bring a Plaisham to your eastle by support time this night, and promise to have his life if he hasn't it there, he'll soon get it for you.

"Well, if that's so," says Prince Connal, "I'll not be long living now because there was no such thing known in the whole wide world as a Plaisham; and though Shamus would not be long living now because there was no such thing known in the whole wide world as a Plaisham; and though Shamus might build eastles, and bring oceans and rivers and trees and birds to them, all in one night he could not get a thing that did not exist and was only invented by Rory.

Well, off to Shamus went Prince Connal, without much loss of time, and called Shamus out of his little cabin. He told him he was heartly well pleased with all he had done for him. "But there's one thing more I want you to do, Shamus, and then I'll be content," says he. "This night I give a grand supper to the lords, ladies and gentry of the country and I want something to anuse them, so at supper time you must bring me a Plaisham.

"A Plaisham. What's that?" says Shamus.

"I don't know," says Prince Connal.

"No more do I," says Shamus "an' how do you expect me to fetch it to you then?"

"Well," says Prince Connal. says he, "this is all there is to be said about it—if you haven't a Plaisham at my castle door at supper time the night, you'll be a dead man."

"O, " says Shamus, says a voice in his ears, "what are you cryin' about now?"

Poor Shamus lifted his head and looked around, and there beside him stood the Little Red Man.

"Oh" says Shamus, says he, "don't mind askine me" he says "for it's no use in telling."

night he went to the head of the Glen of the Fairies, and sure enough he found the ring hanging from one of the branches of the Sciog bush. He took it with him and started for home. When he looked in through the kitchen window, there he saw Nancy and Rory sitting over the fire, chatting and confabbing about how they would get rid of hlm, but he said nothing, only went into the byre. He put the ring into the branch cow's nose, and as soon as the ring went into it, the cow begun to kick and rear and create a great tendheracy of a noise entirely. Then Shamus got in under some hay in the corner.

It was no time at all until Nancy was out to find what was wrong with the branner cow. She struck the cow with her fist to quiet it, but when she hit it, her fist stuck to the cow, and she could not get away.

Rory had come running out after Nancy to help her, and Nancy called: "Rory, Rory, pull me away from the cow."

Rory got hold of her to pull her away, but as he did his hands stuck to Nancy, and he could not get away himself.

Up then jumped Shamus from under the hay in the corner: "Hue, Hupf' says Shamus, says he, "drive on the Plaisham."

And out of the byre starts the cow with Nancy stuck to her, and Rory stuck to that, and heads toward the castle, with the cow rearing, and rowting, and Nancy and Rory yelling and hawling. They made a terrible din entirely and roused the whole countr-side, who flocked out to see what was the matte.

Down past Rory's house the cow went, and Rory's mether, seeing him sticking to Nancy, ran out to pull him away, but when she laid her hand on Rory she stuck to him, and "Hup, Hup," says Shamus, "drive on the Plaisham."

So on they went, and Rory's father ran after them to pull the mother away, but when he laid his hands on the mother he stuck to her and. "Hup, Hup," says Shamus, "drive on the Plaisham."

On again they went, and they next passed where a man was cleaning out his byre. When

Bisished, and with the coping stones on it on the hill above. He lost no time till be went over to thank Shamus for nuilding him such a beautiful castle, and when Nancy heard that the castle was finished, it was she that was the angle was finished, it was she that was the angle was finished, it was she that was the angle was finished, it was she that was the angle and she wendered and wondered, too, but she said nothins.

She went out and looked at the castle, and she wendered and wondered, too, but she said nothins.

She ment out and looked at the castle, and she wendered and wondered, too, but she said nothins.

She ment out and looked at the castle, and she wendered and wondered, too, but she said nothins.

She ment out and looked at the castle, and she wendered and wondered, too, but she said nothins.

She ment out and looked at the castle, and she went and the large till and the large til

he stuck to it, and when his guests laid hands on him, they stuck one by one to him, and "Hup! Hup!" says Shamus, says he, "drive on the Plaisham."

And with all the racket and all the noise of

And with all the racket and all the noise of the ranting, roaring, rearing and rawting, in through the castle hall door drove the Plaisham, through and through it and out at the other side. The castle itself felf down and disappeared, the bone-ring rolled away from the cow's nose, and the Plaisham all at once broke up, and when Prince Connal looked around there was no castle at all, only the sod hut, and he went into it a sorry man.

And every one else slun's off home right heartily ashamed of themselves, for the whole world was laughing at them.

Nancy, she went east, and Rory, he went west, and one of them was never heard of more. As for Shanus, he went home to his own little cabin, and lived all alone, happy and contented for the rest of his life, and may you and I do the same.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT CNOSSUS King Minos's Palace Full of Archæological Treasures-Pictographic Records on Clay.

From the Athenauia. SITE OF CNOSSUS, near Candia, Crete, June The last week of excavation in the Palace of Chossus has produced a discovery equal to that of the Mycenæan archives described in my previous letter. The inscriptions above referred to, of which more than a thousand have now come to light, are written in a linear and highly developed script with only occasional resort to more pictorial forms. But, as a previous study of the seal stones of eastern Crete had already made clear to me, there existed in the island from a very remote period another form of writing, of a pictographic kind, and in its general aspect recalling Egyptian hieroglyphics. Hitherto these characters had been only known to me from seals. mostly of prism-like form of three or four sides, and the evidence was naturally limited, though the methodical recurrence of groups of signs in the same collocation sufficiently showed that one had here to do with a kind of writing and not with a mere aimless parody of Egyptian or Hittite forms. But if any doubt still exists on the subject it must be set at rest

of Egyptian or Hittite forms. But if any doubt still exists on the subject it must be set at rest forever by the evidence now supplied from "the Palace of Minos."

At the northern end of a long corridor of the building giving access to a succession of magazines, themselves of extraordinary interest, was opened a narrow oblong chamber, which contained a deposit of clay tablets of altogether different forms from those exhibiting the linear script, and inscribed with a hieroglyphic type of writing identical with that of the prism seals. The tablets themselves in this case take a variety of shapes. Some are short four-sided bars of clay, perforated at one endinous case a three-sided example of the same type occurred. Others take a form recalling that of a scallop shell with a hote borred through at the point answering to the valve. Others, again, are of crescent shape roughly triangular in section, so that they present three surfaces, and perforated along their major axis. This last class is of special interest from the fact that in most cases they also contain on one side two or more seal impressions, generally made by prism seals of the kind already referred to, and engraved with groups of "pictographic" starts each state to the same extens as the

made by prism seals of the kind already referred to, and engraved with groups of "pictographic" signs belonging to the same system as the inscriptions on the tablets themselves.

Although the word "pictographic" or "hieroglyphic" may be used to distinguish these tablets from the linear class, it must be understood that they also contain a proportion of signs as purely linear as any of the other category. It is also a noteworthy fact that the written forms assume in many cases a much gory. It is also a noteworthy fact that the written forms assume in many cases a much more alphabetic character than their glyptic character than their glyptic character than their glyptic character than their glyptic character than the seal stones. We

"what are you cryin" about now?"
Poor Shanus litted his head and looked around, and there beside him stood the Little Red Man.
"Oh" says Shanus, says he, "don't mind asking me," he says, "for it's no use in telling you what's the matter with me now. You might build a castle for me, "says he, "and you might bring oceans an' rivers to it, an trees an' birds, but you couldn't do anything to help me now."

"Bow do you know that?" said the Little Red Man.
"Oh. I know it well," says Shamus, says he, "you couldn't give me the thing that never was, an' never will be!"

"Well," says the Wee Red Man, says he, "tell me what it is anythow: if I can't do you any good, sure I can't do you any good, sure I can't do you any good, sure I can't do you any sood, sure I can't do you any send tells him that Prince Connal had ordered him within twenty-four hours to have at his castle door a Plaisham. "But." says. Shamus, says he. "there never was such a thing as that."

"Sure enough," says the Little Red Man, says he, "there never was such a thing as that."

"Sure enough," says the Little Red Man, says he, "go to the head of the Glen of the Fairies to the Sciog bush [Fairy, thorn], where you'll soon had bone ring hanging on a branch of the fhorn. Take it with you back home. When you'll soon have a Plaisham to drive to Prince Connals castle door."

Shamus thanked the Wee Red Man, and that never how have the head of the Glen of the Fairies, and sure enough he found the ring in the cow's nose then he quiet, and you'll soon have a Plaisham to drive to Prince Connals castle door."

Shamus thanked the Wee Red Man, and that night he went to the head of the Glen of the Fairies, and sure enough he found the ring tin the cow's nose then lequiet, and you'll soon have a Plaisham to drive to Prince Connals castle door."

Shamus thanked the Wee Red Man, and that night he went to the head of the Glen of the Fairies, and sure enough he found the ring tin the cow's nose then he quiet, and you'll soon have a Plaisham to drive to the sciog pictographi

to that of the Mycenean civilization, and, as I have elsewhere shown from evidence at that time far less complete than it is now, the conventionalized pictographical or hieroglyphic script of Crete was largely developed out of earlier forms traceable on the more primitive seal-stones of the island. Everything, in short, tends to show that this form of script was that in use among the ancient indigeneus stock of Crete—the true Eteocretans of the Odyssey.

The coexistence, then, among the archives of the Palace of Chossus of this autochthonous system with another of independent, character must be regarded as a strong piece of evidence that the dominant Mycenean race in Chossus belonged to another stock than the Eteocretan. The linear system of the true "Minoan" archives has indeed certain points of correspondence with the East-Cretan, and a certain proportion of signs are practically identical. But it stands on a far higher level of development, and is probably "Mycenean" in a far wider sense than the other.

There are indications that the deposit of tablets belonging to the indigenous hieroglyphic class dates from the latest days of the palace and the close of the Mycenean period, which at Chossus was marked by an overwhelming catastrophe and a subsequent complete abandonment of the palace site. Some of the impressions of seals of non-pictographic character found with these tablets show curious and hitherto unknown developments of Mycenean style, also illustrated by some of the freecoes, of which an unparalleled series has now come to light. The style is less bold, somewhat decadent, but in many respects curiously modern. Among the seal impressions found in the chamber of the pictographic tablets some present for the first time male heads, apparently intended for portraits—an entirely new departure in Mycenean art.

The last part of my this season's work in the Palace of Chossus has been also signalized by the discovery of the largest deposit of tablets also point to the best period of art. One represents a ship

THE LIFE OF BIG GUNS. Admiral O'Neill Says That a Hundred Shots Is Far From Being the Limit.

From the Chicago Eccord. There have been some interesting and myserious stories in circulation about the short ives of the big guns that are used on our battleships and coast fertifications. One of the yarns most frequently told is that the 13-inch gun, which carries a ton of metal for twelve of fifteen miles, can only be fired 100 times with safety, because the tremendous pressure destroys the cohesive power of the metal and thus weakens it and renders it liable to explode. These stories have got into books, and the "non-firing fallacy" is accepted by some of the ablest authorities en ordnance. The big Krupp gun at the World's Fair in Chicago was an object of even greater interest, when visitors were told that it had been fired sixteen times and couldn't be fired again without danger of explosion because the metal of which it is made had become nerveloss.

Admiral O'Neill, thief of Ordnance of the Navy Department, says this is all humburg. "The culy damage suffered by the big guns from frequent firing is the wearing out of the rife grooves," he says, "and that is easily repaired. The gun can either be rifled over again or it can be 'tubed'—that is, a rifled tube can be fitted into the bere, as is frequently done in England, and the gun is as good as new."

"There is no such thing as a gun getting nerveless," exitunced the Admiral. The metal of which it is made is not injured by firing. Some of our guns have been fired 100 times without showing any injury or wear. We do not know how long they will last, except that the rifling has to be renewed when it is worn out, but we have never had a gun wear out in our navy, and therefore carnot speak from expense, and many of our guns have been fired several hundred times."

The ordnance experts of the army estimate that the 12-inch guns on the coast fortifications can be fired 200 times without being relined, but this is only speculation. They have never had any experience in that line. Note of the blg guns belonging to the Uniter's States has ever worn out. safety, because the tremendous pressure destroys the cohesive power of the metal and thus

ever worn out.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

PROCESS WHICH SCIENCE HAS

YET TO MAKE PRACTICABLE. Only Methods Yet Approaching Success Too

Costly and Laborious to Be of Much Use
-A Seeing Machine Which Produces the Effect of Perfect Color Photography. About once in two or three years some one professes to have solved the problem of color photography: but the photographic world doesn't become wildly excited over these assertions, as it did formerly. Too many of the proand those founded upon scientific truth have been only modifications of earlier discoveries.

Color photography has been a fascinating problem for scientists ever since the early part of this century. In 1810 Prof. Scebeck of dena made some interesting experiments in the reproduction of the natural colors of the spectrum, and a host of scientists followed his lead. Becquerel in 1848 succeeded in reproducing all of the bues of the spectrum upon a plate covered with a film of violet subchloride of silver, and even photographed various objects in their natural colors, but found no way of fixing these ints so that they would stand exposure to the light. Other men experimented and obtained varying results by modified chemical processes, but the instability of color baffled them, as it had baffled Becquerel. It was one thing to understand that muriate of silver, through reflection and interference of light rays among its particles, would take the colors of the spectrum; and quite another thing to fix these colors permanently when they had been obtained. Many scientists have abandoned the idea that a direct photography in color, with resulting permanent and satisfactory prints, will ever be obtained. Othere, more optimistic, insist that the thing is a possibility, even though remote one. In the meantime what development does occur lies along one of two lines, either being based upon the trichromatic theory of vision, and composite photography, or following Lippman's interferential method, found ed upon the law of wave vibration in light.

Lippman's discoveries in color photography were really the last to stir up any great excites ment among scientists. M. Lippman was a professor of physics in the Sorbonne, with no practical knowledge of photography. Not even the kodak mania had marked him for its own: but he knew a thing or two about abstract physics and in the course of lectures to young France on the subject of acoustics and the neutralizing of sound by the meeting of advancing and reflected sound waves, it occurred to him that the same theories applied to color would produce color photographs. He turned to photography and demonstrated his theory

would produce color photographs. He turned to photography and demonstrated his theory to his own satisfaction and the edification of the scientific world, but he never attempted to make commercial profit of his discovery and went on serenely lecturing upon abstract physics. The results he obtained are what might be expected of so theoretical a scientist. He unquestionably accomplished the nearest thing to pure color photography that has been achieved, and he vindicated his theory, but any practical application of his methods to general purposes is out of the question. The process is complicated and difficult, and multiplicated and difficult, and multiplicated and difficult, and multiplicated, so few impressions were made by his method, and these few with great expenditure of time, work and money.

The success of this method depended upon the same principle, that explained the reproduction of color in muriate of silver—the interference of light waves, through reflection. Lippman put a transparent, highly sensitized film in humchiate contact with a mirror backed with mercury. Light passing through the film was reflected back along the same line by the mirror. Advancing light waves and reflected back along the same line by the mirror. Advancing light waves and reflected back along the same line by the mirror, and the film tecords this variance, or neutralize one another, the result being white light minus these cancelled waves—that is, colored light. Color waves differ if wave length according to the different lines of the spectrum, so the conditions under which the spectrum, so the conditions under which the spectrum and when the film is again exposed to white light, it shows the impression received in colors. One great disadvantage of these Lippman photographs is that the white light must fail upon the completed film at a certain angle in order to give the color effect. Seen at any other angle the photographs look like colorless negatives.

olorless negatives.

must fail upon the completed film at a certain angle in order to give the color effect. Seen at any other angle the photographs look like colorless negatives.

The only practical success in color photography so far has been accomplished by indirect methods; and though these processes may not be so interesting from the viewpoint of abstract science as the Lippman process, their commercial value is infinitely greater. Indirect color photography primarily consists in the production of three separate negatives, taken through screens of the three primary colors, red, green and blue, and in the optical superposition of these images; but there have been innumerable developments of this process. The original composite color photography, requiring three separate negatives obtained by three separate exposures and three separate positives projected by a single lantern, was too cumbersome and complicated to be practicable. A great effort has been usade to bring the process into such shate that it could be easily accomplished even by the amateur and the apparatus required for it carried as easily as the ordinary camera. No such conditions have been attained, but a good deal has been accomplished, and the photochromoscope, with its more recent developments, the kromskon is thought by scientists to come as near a solution of the problem as any of the later inventions.

By this photochromoscope process the three negatives are taken upon a sincle sensitive plate at one exposure, and the contact positive cut into three sections with scissors and mounted upon a folding cardbeard, is dropped into the photochromoscope which, as well as the camera, may be made stereoscopic, the size of the ordinary hand stereoscope. The camera illuminates three colorless transparent positives separately by lights of the three primary tints, and these impressions are outleally recombined, giving all qualities of texture, sheen, translucency and atmosphere to a degree impossible to any color protocyclium, beautiful appearance of goods more satisfactor

Another method of color photography finding

apparatus and is less expensive than the original instrument.

Another method of color photography finding great favor to-day applies the same principles in another way. The light is projected upon the plate, not through three screens, but through one screen closely ruled in orange, green and violet. These lines are ruled on geiatine plates in pigments made up as inks, and these are from soo to 1,000 to the inch, although when the lines exceed 400 to the inch the eye ceases to be annoyed by them. The resultant lines upon the positive register, of course, the degrees in which the three color sensations would have been produced. Then a second screen, ruled in redgreen and violet, and gauged exactly in accordance with the first, is moved over the positive, producing waves of all colors until it reaches such a position that the red lines fall exactly over the lines recording red sensations, it when the picture appears in vivid and realistic color. In this process, as in the other described a seeing apparatus; but as the whole secret in this case lies in two adjustable screens, both the taking and the seeing instruments are much more simple.

Within the last four years a Frenchman has attracted great attention by his assertions concerning a new and efficient form of indirect color obotography, but as he has maintained absoint secrey in regard to certain features of his process, scientists have accepted his results with some doubt and have withheld indement, Members of various English and Freuch and American scientific societies have, however, investigated the method as far as possible, and have reported that it seems to be a legitimate scientific process, although the inventor reserves information as to the ingredients of a solution used by him. His negative is taken on ordinary gelatine plate, prepared by treatment with the solution of unknown composition. The negative is taken from it on albuminized silver paper treated with the solution. This print shows no color. When dry it is washed with the secret solutions i an advantage in producing a permanent print, but the colors are faint and the image not to be compared in fidelity and beauty with those

secured through the other methods describer.